Crave You

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1743758.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Matthew Brown (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Stripper!AU, stripper!will, Jealous Hannibal, Humiliation, Slut Shaming, Anal Sex, Hurt No Comfort, Angst, ugh I'm sorry Will I can't write a fic where you're happy, Seriously Mizumono fucked me up okay?, Spanking, Hannibal is Not a Cannibal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Rehearsed Steps On An Empty Stage
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-05 Words: 3,539 Chapters: 1/1

Crave You

by captaineifersucht

Summary

Will Graham is forced to take the Wednesday night shift, when the club is full of lechers and unemployed men cat-calling at him. In the corner is an attractive, wealthy customer-- one that could possibly help with Will's financial struggles. For a price.

Notes

uh so I was listening to Crave You by Flight Facilities and I was like YEAH STRIPPER AU and then this happened and I'm sorry because I don't know what to do.

The heateus has hit me hard.

oh also i fixed the link in the fic, should get you to the song. Don't know why it wasn't working earlier The adventure club remix is also awesome, if you've got time.

See the end of the work for more notes

“My heart broke when I saw you kept your gaze controlled
Oh I cannot solve
Why can't you want me like the other boys do?
They stare at me while I stare at you”
--Crave You, Flight Facilities ft. Giselle

William Shannon Graham was a stripper. On the side, he was officially an escort, truthfully a prostitute.

Wednesday nights were always busy at the club. Midway through the week, men needed to get away from their hectic schedules. They came in desiring a relief, although not completely drained like those that wandered in on Friday evenings after five.

Will preferred to work the weekends, the customers were typically more well-to-do. During the weekdays, lechers and unemployed men grabbed at him as he slid down the pole, crawled across the stage. But with moving apartments, he was desperate for any extra shifts. Tips hadn’t been cutting it lately.

The first weekday shift Will took was a Wednesday evening, and thankfully he wasn’t on the main stage. In between acts, he wandered the floor, finding his way to a table in the corner to offer its occupants drinks. A lone man sat on the worn vinyl cushion, legs crossed and shoulders held effortlessly back. In the dark, smoky light, Will thought he saw plaid on the man’s pants, the suit jacket that was folded over the back of his chair.

“ Can I get you something, sir? A drink, or..,” Will swayed his hips, fingertips on the curtains that would give them some privacy. With high cheekbones and dark eyes, the patron was definitely an odd sight. But there was a harsh beauty to him, Will thought.

The man kept his eyes steady with Will’s, not glancing down his hairless body, to where satiny olive shorts laid across the top his toned thighs, hugging his ass. His gaze momentarily flicked up to the dark curls of Will’s hair, and he smiled. Was his hair a mess? Will tried to look absent minded when his fingers ran through the locks, taming them. “ I will take a single malt scotch, if you could.”

Will pouted, clearly put off. This man was wealthy, he could see the Rolex on his wrist, noticed the fact that his clothes were tailored. He needed the money. “ Are you sure that’s all I can get for you...what was your name again? Surely you have the time for a private dance?”

“ Just the scotch.”

The following Wednesday, Will was working once more, on the main stage this night. Greasy, calloused hands of union workers stuffed bills into his shorts, tugging to get a peek at the pale skin that glowed under blue light. The club was packed tonight. It always was when Will was on the main stage. He knew just the amount of stubble to keep, his hair cropped at

an appropriate length. Will's spine curved in an exaggerated lordosis position as he slid down the pole and onto his knees, lips parted and wet.

That man was in the corner again, scotch in hand.

When he stepped off the stage, Will gave three private dances before trying to get to the back corner of the club. His body had a slight sheen of sweat on it, not counting the invisible, dirty hand prints that had been left on his sides, ass, and thighs for exchange of hundred dollar bills.

" Did you want another scotch, sir?"

Will was determined to get a name out of this man. He knew most of the regulars, at least their aliases. He needed the money, but the lighting was different in the club tonight and he saw something more than a deep purse.

The man's sleeves were rolled to his forearms, tie off today. His arms were strong, facial features symmetrical. What was a man like him doing in a strip club? Did he have a wife at home, a partner? Will thought he probably did. But he wanted this man's attention now.

" No, thank you. I am content with just the one." His eyes were still dark but held a tint of red. They met Will's eyes, and then glanced back at the stage. Will could feel the gaze of other patrons on his ass as he shifted between his feet.

" Then, something else? You must've seen me, I'll do that and more for you, love. Come on, let me help you relax. You're so tense."

Will finally placed the strange accent somewhere in eastern Europe, but was still trying to figure out the rest of this man. He had a high class profession, maybe a lawyer. Trying to guess the real lives of his patrons was always fun for Will. He was often very adept at this. He knew when they needed comfort or an ego boost, when their lives were falling apart. But now, Will was having trouble.

Will rolled his hips as he sat down in the man's lap, hand delicately placed along the collar of his shirt. The eyes wouldn't leave his own. He wasn't even noticing Will's new outfit, the straps of fabric splayed upon his hips, accentuating his curves. Strong hands with long, nimble fingers picked Will up and set him back on his feet.

Surgeon.

The fingers made it obvious. It was not unusual for doctors to have abnormal hours. Maybe Wednesday nights he was on call.

" You're a doctor," Will murmured, sliding into the seat next to the man instead. " That's extremely sexy, doctor. Maybe I should get my prostate checked..."

Prostitution was an unspoken crime at the club. It happened, but they never recorded it on the books. Most of the employees didn't participate. Those that did, self-regulated their activities. Sure, it was dangerous, but it paid the bills without the middle man.

“ If you could get my check, please,” the doctor murmured after knocking back the last of his drink.

Will huffed and spun on one heel, curls bouncing as he walked away. He gave his most sultry stride, knowing how his hamstrings would tense and ass jiggle. While it was easy for Will to feel the stares of those in the club, another tenner shoved beneath a strap, the one that counted wasn’t directed his way.

It had been nearly a month. Will purposefully took the Wednesday night shifts, despite the fact that he had moved apartments and the extra money was merely a luxury. Each night that he got on the main stage, the doctor was sitting in his usual seat.

They were in the middle of a brutal summer, and the man wore lighter clothes. His sleeves were constantly rolled up, top button of his shirt undone. His skin was lightly tanned and one day, his hair wasn’t gelled back. Will committed that sight to memory.

Will hadn’t had feelings for a regular in quite some time. It’s not like a patron of a strip club would be an ideal candidate for a one night stand, let alone a monogamous relationship. He had been working for this joint nearly a decade now, and Will was starting to get old. However, he kept himself in shape, so most wouldn’t put him in his mid-thirties. Early in his career, Will prostituted himself out willy-nilly, eager to put money in his savings. He would return to college, get a better job, move out of this slum. But those things never happened, and here he was.

He stepped out onto the stage, gold chains wrapped about his body. A ringlet laid in his curls, glinting in the light. With black shorts and a few thick, black leather straps wrapped about his neck, arms, and legs, he looked like an avant garde runway model. Will’s body jingled in time with the music, muscles undulating and jerking to the beat.

The routine was more demanding than some of the others, and Will knew how much the patrons enjoyed it. He had nearly a hundred dollars pressed in between the fabric and his thigh. After, he did a dance for a bachelorette party, knowing the heavy tip that came with it. Will was able to convey a fake interest in the female anatomy, grinding seductively down onto the blushing bride-to-be. She had no shame in groping him through the thin fabric.

With nearly a month’s rent in hand, Will returned to the floor. He was sure that the doctor would be gone, but he sat on the cracked, blue seat. His gaze was hungry, something Will had never seen before.

Will strode over, neck elongated, shoulders back, hips swaying to and fro. The fake gold shone and clinked together.

“ Another scotch, doctor?” Will glanced pointedly at the near-empty tumbler.

“ Please, William.”

Shock and mild disgust spread over Will's face. He back-pedaled, unsure of how this had happened. They all had fake stage names--his was something with Steele in it, long forgotten over the years and unheard beneath the din of loud music. Will often went nameless, familiar with evasion techniques.

" I slipped your manager a certain sum," the doctor said by way of explanation, waving his hand. Will caught the scent of alcohol on him, stronger than usual. He stalked away, retrieving another scotch and glancing at the man's tab. This was his fifth, explaining one problem.

The remaining mystery was why, exactly, the man had gotten so drunk. Honestly, Will saw it as an opportunity.

" I see you're splurging tonight, doctor. Did you want anything to help wash that down?" Will was desperate to feel those large hands on his thighs, parting them. A shiver ran down his spine at the thought of scotch-flavored lips pressed to his body. With a glance at the man's pants, he wondered what else would be in store for the evening.

" Come here, Will." The man patted his left thigh. Will eagerly pulled the curtain about them and placed himself atop the muscle, sitting side-face so his legs dangled between the doctor's. Will's arms lazily wrapped about the man's neck, fingers curling into the short hair at the nape of his neck.

" Can I have a name to call you, doctor? Before we go any further? I'd love to know your name, I'm sure it's very handsome."

" Hannibal," the man grunted, steady hand running down sweat-slicked skin.

" You're a conqueror, then, love?" Will murmured against his jawline, nuzzling into the sweet-smelling skin there. He rolled his hips on Hannibal's lap, allowing a hand to trail down his chest, toying with a button. " Will you make me your conquest? For tonight?"

Desire flashed over Hannibal's eyes, briefly removing the cloud of alcohol. The doctor sat up straighter, and gently moved Will from his lap. " You are no conquest, Will."

Will stood, watching flabbergasted as the man stumbled out from the curtain, last scotch forgotten. He huffed, completely disappointed in the missed opportunity.

Three weeks passed with no sight of Hannibal Lecter. When Will googled him, it wasn't hard to find his full name. How many doctors named Hannibal lived in Baltimore? One.

As it turned out, Hannibal was a psychiatrist. He had been a surgeon previously, so Will was correct on that front. He couldn't find any family details, any social media presence.

After the search, Will found himself staring blindly out the window of his third story apartment, two dogs curled beside him. What had him so focused on this man? Will couldn't

place it, but he was drawn to him. Despite the other men and women that had eyes fixed only for him on the stage, Will only wanted the reaction of one stoic doctor in the corner.

He'd gotten a glimpse of it that night. Those fingers had felt out his ribs, almost lovingly. They had caressed the jut of his iliac crest, slid down the curve of his ass. Will had felt the well-trained muscles momentarily tighten before he had been removed from Hannibal's grasp. The moment had ended, he was just another stripper.

In the end, Will had to remind himself of this fact. He was a stripper. An escort. A prostitute. His chances with a high class man like Lecter were laughable at best. Maybe he'd get paid handsomely to have himself debauched in the future.

That was, if the doctor ever came back.

His wishes didn't go unanswered for long. Hannibal had not only resumed his Wednesday nights, but showed up at all of Will's shifts.

" Is he here every night, now?" Will murmured to one of his co-workers, Matthew, while they were both filling orders at the bar. He and Matthew had a brief past, but remained good friends. The younger man wanted to get out of the industry, but Will knew the cycles well. They'd be here, together, for quite some time.

" Nah, just when you're here, Will. He glances at you, when you're with others. Weird one."

" He's a fucking doctor, Matty. I'd make a killing off of him." Will was trying to make his interest solely monetary. It was easier that way. Boss wouldn't want his feelings to get in the way and scare away business.

" Well, then take your fine ass back to him!" There was a sharp smack to Will's bottom and then Matthew disappeared with a tray of cocktails, presumably another bachelorette party. The man had a speedo on, which Will always thought was a ridiculous outfit choice. Matthew pulled it off.

Will approached the man for the first time in the two weeks that he had returned to the club, scotch in hand. Will had looked, but didn't dare speak. Perhaps, Hannibal would crave him.

His underwear were navy this evening, golden buttons on either hip and the ringlet in his hair again. " Brought you a scotch, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal was much better at concealing surprise than Will, simply smiling in response.

" Will you bring yourself to my office this evening?"

The question caught Will offguard. As usual, he responded with complete grace. " Well, you know, I don't get off until three in the morning…"

" I will be up." The man left a business card on the table, took a swig of scotch, and sauntered off to pay his bill.

The office was uptown, in a nice area. There were picket fences, and the streets didn't have cars parked haphazardly on them. Will knew he was going to be making at least a month's rent in one sitting, but it wasn't truthfully what he desired.

He had pulled on a pair of yoga pants and a loose-fitting grey shirt over the underwear he'd been wearing that evening. No fake-gold adorned his body, although some of the dark, glittery eyeshadow remained on his lids.

Will entered the waiting room, knocking on the door he found inside. Presumably, it was the office where the doctor held therapy sessions with his patients. " Hannibal?"

The door opened, and Hannibal stood tall, gesturing Will inside. The man was clearly in his own domain.

Will realized that he'd never seen the doctor in proper lighting. His hair was truly an interesting color, not as dark as Will had thought. His eyes were still piercing, skin smooth. Hannibal was much more attractive in normal lighting, Will decided.

" Your office is...nice," Will said hesitantly, looking around. Sophisticated, clean, organized, and intimidating were all words that came to mind, but he stuck to simplicity. " Where would you have me?" He glanced from the desk, to a chair, and then to the ladder. There was no shortage of options in this room.

" We will be leaving. I prefer the comfort of my own home, but do not presume to have strangers enter it late at night. My neighbors are curious people."

You don't want anyone to see a whore coming into your house.

The words went unspoken.

Will rode in the passenger seat of Hannibal's car, well aware of the risks that he took by completing this transaction. But damn, if he hadn't waited weeks for this. As a precaution, he sent Matty a text of the address he was at once they were inside the garage.

" Upstairs," Hannibal said, voice low. Will was quick to comply. He found the master bedroom at the end of the hallway, and ducked inside. Hel was eager, and began to strip before he heard a gentle tutting from the doorway. Movements halted, Will watched as Hannibal sat in an armchair, legs spread. " I'll take that private dance now, William."

A blush creeped over Will's cheeks at the use of his full name, but he nodded slowly. Once off the stage, out of the dim lighting, it was always hard for Will to fall back within his rhythm. There was no beat here, but he tapped his foot to an imaginary song, falling into Hannibal's lap.

His slim legs straddled the doctor's, pants left untouched for the moment. Will ground his hips down, one hand trailing down to begin and remove the doctor's shirt. He had flicked

open the top two buttons before Hannibal grasped his wrist and moved the hand back to Will's shirt. With a slight huff, Will began to pull his own shirt up, tweaking nipples with exaggerated moans on his way. The grey fabric pooled on the floor.

Will stood and half-spun so his ass was now pressing against the doctor's groin. There was the beginnings of arousal stirring beneath the fabric, a hardness that teased. Will gave another groan, this one sincere. He began to shimmy out of the yoga pants, each sway of his hips revealing another inch of skin clad in only the tight-fitting underwear.

Hannibal tore the fabric from his hips, and Will was bare before him.

The doctor gathered him in strong arms, patience and pretense lost. Will felt his back hit the softness of a duvet, bouncing slightly on a soft mattress. Hannibal stood before him, stature exuding strength. A shiver ran through Will's frame, anticipation making his tongue thick. He wanted to say something snarky, but all that came out was a pitiful whimper. His cock jolted against his stomach.

Hannibal flipped him onto hands and knees, strong arms guiding him so his chest was angled down, ass high in the air. Will cried when a broad hand came down, with force, onto his right cheek. It stung like hell, but was soon forgotten when a similar treatment was given to the other.

" Filthy slut," the doctor growled, alternating with his blows. Will hadn't prepared for this type of play. It was not unusual, but this behavior wasn't expected from Hannibal. The man was a regular, for Christ's sake. They'd been skirting around this for two months but now, Hannibal felt comfortable in beating his ass red? Will's confusion was soon lost to the pain, a sob being wrenched from his gut.

" You try and seduce me, but you turn around and bare all for other men? For women? Whore." The words were true, but they hurt. Will felt tears rolling down his cheeks. He'd lost count after twenty, his skin throbbing. When the blows stopped, he breathed a sigh of relief. A lot of men enjoyed this type of play, he would go along with it for Hannibal. The doctor seemed to be worth it.

What Will had expected was a hand to brush away the sting from his cheeks, brief after-care before they moved on to the next scene. At least, reassuring words and a question, asking him if he was okay to move on. Will's profession was shady, dirty. But most of his escort clientele were respectful men.

Instead, two slick fingers shoved inside of his body. Typically, the pain would've been bearable. Now, he'd had no time to recover from the previous assault.

" Take it, Will. I know that you've wanted me. You fucking danced while staring at me, but then went off and let other hands touch you."

It's my job, Will wanted to say. His attempt was choked off by a third finger.

Will could hear the crackle of a condom wrapper, the tell-tale sounds of it being ripped. When the fingers were removed, Will propped himself up on his forearms, trying to steady

himself. Hannibal pushed him back down, buckling his support. Will laid his cheek against the fabric, taking in a deep breath as the older man's cock slid inside.

This humiliation had not been what he wanted. What was so wrong about two beautiful people fucking? Will had to make a living somehow. He was lost in thought, contemplating the outcome of his situation. The thrusts became a dull ache beginning at his pelvis, radiating upwards.

Whore. Slut.

Will wasn't sure whether he was hearing the words anew from Hannibal's mouth or if it was in his head. Within minutes, his body received a reprieve and the bed dipped beside him. Will got up on shaky legs, heading towards the bathroom to clean himself up. He hadn't even gotten hard.

When he looked into the mirror and saw tears on his cheeks, hysterical laughter burst from Will's lips. He shook his head and washed his face, tears and water now indistinguishable.

He was a stripper. Officially, he'd call himself Hannibal's escort for the night. But when all was said and done, Will Graham was a prostitute.

End Notes

So i totally don't condone slut shaming of any kind but this just happened i am very tired and now super depressed because poor stripper Will is used and abused :(any comments or crit are much appreciated <3

Tumblr

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